

THE LITERARY GAZETTE

AND
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No. 1864.

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REVIEWS.

Hippolytus and his Age; or the Doctrine and Practice of the Church of Rome under Commodus and Severus: and ancient and modern Christianity and Divinity compared. By Christian Charles Josias Bunsen, D.C.L. Four vols. 8vo. Longman and Co.

THE Chevalier Bunsen is the prince of theological politicians and of political theologians. No statesman of the present day has taken so prominent a part in church affairs. Possessing in his own country the confidence of the government on ecclesiastical questions, he was an adviser of the measures for Protestant unity, by which Prussia has been lately signalized among the countries of the Reformation. When the scheme of an Evangelical Alliance among Protestants was proposed, he entered into it with hearty zeal. By him the plan for establishing a bishopric at Jerusalem, under the combined patronage of the English and Prussian governments, was matured and carried into effect. By his writings still more than by his acts, he has striven to bring ecclesiastical and civil affairs into greater harmony in the policy of nations, and in his 'Church of the Future' he has given his ideal of a Christian State. Some of Dr. Bunsen's views are unsound, and his schemes chimerical, yet his honest enthusiasm and persevering zeal command respectful notice. It is less as a politician and a statesman that he comes forward, than as a Christian and a philosopher. His mingling of things ecclesiastical and civil is not from motives of Machiavellian policy or Erastian statecraft, but from a sincere belief that he is promoting the best interests of the Christian Church. To bear upon this high object he brings great erudition, extensive research, and varied knowledge both of history and life. Interested in the theological studies, and involved in the controversies which now engage so many minds in England, he believes that by dissertations on truth as he sees it, the cause of sound religion may be advanced, in spite of the dreaded inroads of superstition on the one hand, and of infidelity on the other. But alas! it is not by mere scholars and philosophers that any great influence is ever wielded on the destinies of the Christian Church. Even the wit of Erasmus and the learning of Melanthon would have been powerless without the working-influencing faith of Luther, and in the succeeding generation the erudite labours of the doctors of the reaction would have come to nought but for the wild enthusiasm of Ignatius Loyola. In our country, during last century, it was by the personal labours of Wesley, Whitfield, and their associates, and in the old apostolic way of preaching the word of God, that the reaction was brought about from the infidelity which overclouded the church in the epoch of Voltaire and Hume. The learned treatises and apologies of orthodox writers, admirable and useful in their sphere, had little perceptible influence on public opinion. For the same reason we think that Dr. Bunsen fondly exaggerates the importance of the recovery of the lost treatise of the early church which forms the subject of this able and learned work. He begins by reflections on the remarkable fact of its being first published in the year of the Great Exhibition of 1851; even in this coincidence finding occasion to connect ecclesiastical with

civil questions. But the busy world, even including men of literature and of theology, will little sympathize with the sanguine anticipations of the author as to the political results of this publication. In an age when a conflict between Popery and Protestantism is expected of a kind unknown since the time of Luther, and when the broad question at issue will be as to the authority of Scripture as opposed to all human tradition, the voice of another uninspired father, even of the third century, will not count much in the controversy. But to the scholar, to the critic, and to the ecclesiastical historian, the discovery and publication of this lost work of antiquity is not the less interesting, nor the labours of a commentator so acute and learned the less acceptable.

As the announcement of the discovery of this ancient literary relic may be new to some of our readers, we give a brief narrative of its origin. About twelve years ago, the distinguished French philosopher and statesman, M. Villemain, sent a Greek to Mount Athos, to look out for new treasures in Greek literature. The fruits of this mission were deposited, in 1842, in the national library at Paris. Among the manuscripts was one, apparently of no great value, the writing being of the fourteenth century, not on parchment but on cotton paper, and it was simply registered as a book "on all Heresies," without any indications of its author or its age. After several years, M. Emanuel Miller, an able Greek scholar attached to the library, was struck by observing some fine fragments of Pindar, and of an unknown lyric poet, quoted in this anonymous manuscript. He examined it more attentively, and after consulting literary friends in Germany, who urged the publication of the work merely from specimens which he had communicated, he offered the manuscript to the University Press at Oxford, as an ancient writing of undoubted authenticity, a lost treatise of Origen "against all the Heresies." The learned men of Oxford, including the venerable Dr. Routh, author of 'The Reliquiae Sacrae,' after due examination, were satisfied with the genuineness of the work, and gave their sanction to its publication. It appeared in 1851, under the following title:—“Ωριγένεος Φιλοσοφούμενα, ἡ κατὰ πασῶν αἵρεσεων ἔλεγχος. ‘Origenis Philosophumena, sive omnium haeresium refutatio. E codice Parisino nunc primum ed. Emmanuel Miller.’ Oxonii, e Typographeo Academico, 1851.” For some time no doubt was thrown upon the authorship of the work as pronounced by the Oxford University, and its genuineness as a literary relic of the early part of the third century was unquestioned. Dr. Bunsen, however, on examining the book, at once perceived the error of ascribing it to Origen, and ascertained, by a great body of internal evidence, that it was the work of "an illustrious and influential member of the Church of Rome itself, in short, no less a personage than St. Hippolytus":—

"This circumstance does not diminish, but enhances, the value of this recovered relic of antiquity. For Hippolytus, as a disciple of Irenaeus, and being about twenty years older than Origen, must have enjoyed, on many important points, still more than he, the living tradition of the Apostolic age: his name and character are not involved in any reproach or suspicion of heresy, as those of the great Alexandrian doctor unfortunately are: and further, as a member of the Roman presbytery, he could speak with the highest authority on the affairs of the Church of Rome. Through his master Irenaeus, the Apostle of the Gauls, and

disciple of Polycarp of Ephesus who had caught the words of the Apostle of Love from St. John's own lips, Hippolytus received the traditions and doctrine of the Apostolic age from an unsuspected source, while as a Roman, he recollects, and describes from his personal knowledge, the secret history of the Church of Rome under Commodus. In his riper years, he had witnessed successively the important administration of two Roman bishops: the one, Zephyrinus, who succeeded Victor, contemporary of Irenaeus; the other, Callistus, who occupied the see of Rome during a great crisis of that Church in doctrine and discipline, and whose life and character are here for the first time disclosed."

The name of Hippolytus will henceforth be more conspicuously recognised in ecclesiastical history, and rescued from much of the mythical mystery with which it has been surrounded. In the Popish 'Lives of the Saints' the accounts of him are very vague and unsatisfactory. The only point on which the biographical romancers dwell is his martyrdom, which we are told was by being torn in pieces by horses, a fancy of the Emperor Maximin, on hearing that he bore the classic name of Hippolytus. But even among sober historians the accounts of him have been vague and discordant. Le Moyne, a French ecclesiastical writer of the seventeenth century, did not know how to reconcile the various tales about his martyrdom, and he also took up the idea that the *Portus Romanus*, of which he was said to be bishop, was a place of that name in Arabia, which was confirmed by the mention of Hippolytus by Eusebius the historian, in connexion with Beryllus of Bostra, which is in Arabia. Tillemont followed Le Moyne, and Archbishop Cave in his history promulgated the same error. The criticism of Dr. Bunsen on these statements is very acute, and he proves, satisfactorily to our minds, that Hippolytus was bishop of Portus Romanus, near Rome, the new harbour formed by Trajan opposite to Ostia. A remarkable confirmation of the literary proofs of this is found in the statue of Hippolytus, a drawing of which forms the frontispiece of this work. It was discovered about the year 1551, in the very spot described by Prudentius in one of his hymns, as the place of the burial of Hippolytus, the Bishop of Portus, near Ostia. This monument, now in the Vatican, is one of the most valuable remains of Christian antiquity. It represents an ancient bishop sitting in his cathedra, on the back of which are inscribed some of the chief of the works for which he was celebrated. The paschal cycle, and the two Roman letters S.S. (bissexus) in the middle of the Greek inscription, prove the effigy to be that of a Latin, and the conspiring testimony proves it to be the statue of Hippolytus, bishop of the harbour of Rome. Several works of Hippolytus, and fragments of many more, are preserved, and published, as in Gallandi's 'Bibliotheca Patrum,' to which we need not refer more than to say that the corroboration of the authenticity of the new work, from the style and other literary evidence, is complete. Dr. Bunsen gives the results of an elaborate examination of all the works of Hippolytus which are extant, and, what is of more consequence to the special point in hand, he accounts well for the absence of the title of the present treatise from the long list of the author's writings inscribed upon the cathedra. The proof connected with the record of Photius, the patriarch of Constantinople, is alone sufficient to confirm the internal evidence of the genuineness and au-

thenticity of the work. It is stated in the appendix that the learned Professor Jacobi, independently of Dr. Bunsen's examination, had come to the same results as to the authorship, especially demonstrating the error of the Oxford press, and of the editor, in ascribing it to Origen. He also, by cogent arguments, proves it to be the work of Hippolytus, and fixes its dates between A.D. 225 and 250. Similar conclusions have been published by Professor Düncker of Göttingen, and other Continental scholars, so that, for the present, no question need be raised as to the authenticity of the work. Although we may seem somewhat to undervalue the importance of this treatise of Hippolytus as bearing upon great questions of public controversy, there is no doubt as to its value within the domain of theological and historical literature. Indeed, no acquisition in that field so important has been made since the discovery of the Syrian manuscripts in the Libyan desert. The recovery of a lost work, in ten books, on the 'Internal History of Christianity in the First and Second Centuries,' written undoubtedly by an eminent author at the beginning of the third, is an event of no common moment:—

"The book gives authentic information on the earliest history of Christianity, and precisely on those most important points of which hitherto we have known very little authentically. It contains extracts from at least fifteen lost works of the Gnostic, Ebionitic, and mixed heretical schools and parties of the earliest times of Christianity. These extracts begin with the account of heresies which existed in the age of St. Peter and St. Paul, and consequently preceded the Gospel of St. John. They go down in an uninterrupted line to the first quarter of the third century. We have here, amongst others, quotations from the Gospel of St. John by Basilides, who flourished in the beginning of the reign of Hadrian, or about the year 117; furnishing a conclusive answer to the unfortunate hypothesis of Strauss, and the whole school of Tübingen, that the fourth Gospel was written about the year 165 or 170. Many other points of almost equal importance are settled for ever by these extracts, at least for the critical historian."

Hippolytus does not omit notices of passing events in his zeal for doctrinal truth. His account of the bishops of Rome in his time, "if not the most important, will be to most readers either the most amusing or painful part of the work." Dr. Bunsen in his version says that he has "reduced the fervent language of the bishops to a calm relation of what he had to tell, for it cannot be denied that our good father, when he comes to this point, raises the tone of his voice to the pitch of indignant anger." Here are some passages of the modified story of the Episcopus Portuensis, the Presbyter of the port of the city, concerning his superior:—

"There was under Commodus, when Victor was bishop of Rome, a good Christian soul called Carpophorus, who had a Christian slave, of the name of Callistus. To help him on, he gave him the administration of a bank, which he kept in that celebrated quarter of Rome called the *Piscina publica*. Many brethren and widows trusted their money to this bank, having great faith in the Christian character of Carpophorus. But Callistus turned out a rogue: he made away with the sums intrusted to him; and when the depositors wanted their money, it was gone. Their complaints came before Carpophorus; he asked for the accounts; and when the fraud could no longer be concealed, Callistus made his escape. He ran down to the harbour, Portus, some twenty miles from Rome, found a ship ready to start, and embarked. Carpophorus was not slow to follow him, and found the ship moored in the middle of the harbour. He took a

boat to claim the criminal. Callistus, seeing no escape, threw himself into the sea, and was with difficulty saved, and delivered up to his master, who, taking the matter into his own hands, gave him the domestic treadmill of the Roman slave-owners, the *pistrinum*. Some time passed, and, as is wont to happen (says Hippolytus), some brethren came to Carpophorus, and said he ought to give poor Callistus a fair chance of regaining his character, or at least his money. He pretended he had money outstanding, and that if he could only go about he should recover it. 'Well,' said good Carpophorus, 'let him go and try what he can recover: I do not care much for my own money, but I mind that of the poor widows.' So Callistus went out on a Sabbath (Saturday), pretending he had to recover some money from the Jews, but in fact having resolved to do something desperate, which might put an end to his life, or give a turn to his case. He went into a synagogue and raised a great riot there, saying he was a Christian, and interrupting their service. The Jews were of course enraged at this insult, fell upon him, beat him, and then carried him before Fuscianus, the prefect of Rome. When this judge, a very severe man, was hearing the cause, somebody recognised Callistus, and ran to tell Carpophorus what was going on. Carpophorus went immediately to the court, and said: 'This fellow is no Christian, but wants to get rid of his life, having robbed me of much money, as I will prove.' The Jews, thinking this was a Christian stratagem to save Callistus, insisted upon having him punished for disturbing them in the lawful exercise of their worship. Fuscianus therefore sentenced him to be scourged, and then transported to the unwholesome parts of Sardinia, so fatal to life in summer."

He escapes, and is again at large in Rome:—

"When Callistus made his appearance, Victor was very much vexed; the scandal had not been forgotten, and Carpophorus (his lawful master) was still alive. So he sent him off to Antium (Porto d'Anzo), and gave him a certain sum a month. Whether it was here Callistus fell in with Zephyrinus, or at Rome itself, no sooner was Carpophorus dead, than Zephyrinus, now become bishop of Rome, made him his coadjutor to keep his clergy in order, and gave himself up to him so entirely, that Callistus did with him what he liked. Unfortunately, says Hippolytus, Zephyrinus was not only very stupid and ignorant, but, loving money very much, took bribes. Things went on in this way until Zephyrinus died, when Callistus was elected to the eminent post he had coveted all the time. He became bishop of Rome, and the theological disputes in that Church began to be envenomed."

The sequel of this *chronique scandaleuse* of the early Roman Church is very bad, and may serve to dispel some of the foolish veneration with which many are disposed to regard everything connected with early Christianity. The corruptions of the church had begun in the days of St. Paul, and it was not at Rome in the third century that perfection was to be expected. This primitive bishop of Rome, Callistus, seems to have been as great a rogue as any pope or cardinal that has disgraced the purple in later ages.

Leaving for the present the questions of philological and historical criticism suggested by the work of Hippolytus, we have some remarks to make on the original treatise of Dr. Bunsen on the 'Philosophical History of the Christian Church.' To this he devotes the greater part of his second volume, taking advantage of the interest of the discovery of the work of Hippolytus to reproduce speculations of his own, many of which, he says, have been in manuscript twice nine years. They are, therefore, well matured, and being chiefly in the form of aphorisms and brief sentences, present the substance of carefully digested thought. In this philosophical statement of the history of religion we have a

clearer exposition than we have found elsewhere of the tenets of a school of theology of which there are in this country some distinguished disciples, and of which Dr. Bunsen now appears as the champion. These tenets are *German* in their origin, but modified in our country by contact with what is commonly called Puseyism on the one side, and on the other by contact with the Protestantism, which our author, following Coleridge and his pupils, calls 'Bibliolatry.' In his review of church history, Dr. Bunsen displays the lax theology and the unsound philosophy of the school to which we refer. The theological points we have no desire to discuss; but the philosophical principles we must not pass without censure. In calling them 'German,' we use that term as well understood to designate the undue intrusion of reason into the province of faith, and the substitution of rash speculation for sober inductive inquiry. Of Kant, Fichte, Schelling, and even of Hegel, Dr. Bunsen speaks with zealous enthusiasm, and to their labours he ascribes the rational basis on which modern religion can alone safely rest:—

"To discern a universal, true, and positive, not negative, solution of the problem of the philosophy of history, may be said to have formed, and to continue to form, unconsciously and consciously, the ultimate object of that great effort of the German mind, which produced Goethe and Schiller in literature; Kant, Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel in philosophy; and Lessing, Schlegel, and Niebuhr in critical philosophy and historical research. The Dioscuri of German literature, Schiller and Goethe, restored to Germany (what Lessing's criticism had prepared) the religious tragedy; that is to say, the idea of real dramatic composition. As the drama, no less than the epic, must have its centre in the belief that there is a divine justice manifested in the history of mankind; its restoration was the acknowledgment of the divine order of human destinies. This view, after having been revived for the Christian world by Shakespeare, and (although with fantastical distortions and national idiosyncrasies) by Calderon had been conventionalized into passion and love-intrigue by the French tragedians; and had died away under the impotent hands of Addison and his contemporaries. At the same time, Kant unfolded, in his critical review of the faculties of the mind, the idea that positive religion presupposes reason, and manifests a form of eternal truth; thus throwing down for ever, so far as philosophy itself is concerned, that baneful and godless wall of separation which has deprived history of the holiest historical characters, philosophy of its most sublime object, religion, and divinity of nothing less than of divine reason. Fichte and Schelling abolished the distinction which Kant, in his positive system, had established between theoretical and practical reason; and the latter insisted upon the acknowledgment of an identity between the mind and the world, as the two sides of one and the same divine manifestation. It is unnecessary to show how the history of mankind, and consequently the history of the human mind, were exalted by this view; and how speculation was driven from abstract formulas into the reality both of nature and history. Hegel undertook to complete this system, by proving that all which exists, or ever has existed in history, has an inward necessity, in virtue of which alone it is enabled to exist, and that it exhibits the laws of the universe, which, with him, are those of the human mind, embodied in unconscious matter. Of these laws he takes the logical process to be the metaphysical and dialectic exponent, offering the highest formula for every evolution in nature or history.

"Whatever may be thought of the peculiar reconstructive speculations of the masters of this German school, it is a fact that their criticism of the philosophy of the mind has restored the principle of free and responsible moral agency, and of

the primitiveness of reason and faith. In accomplishing this they have thus done more than any other school to restore the inward reverence for religion, and a belief in the higher destinies of mankind."

He then sketches the recent progress of rationalism in the various countries of Europe. The works of Condorcet, Condillac, Cousin, are specially mentioned in France, and with regard to England—

"History has here to name, first the genius of Coleridge, greater still by his inspiring influence than by his own writings. The progress in this line is marked in two diverging directions and schools, by Frederick Maurice, and by Thomas Carlyle."

Now while the intellectual and literary eminence of Coleridge, and many of his disciples, is admitted, their metaphysical, and still more their theological, speculations have not been carried on according to the spirit of the Baconian philosophy. In his admiration of the principles of the German school, Dr. Bunsen, with all his acknowledged orthodoxy and piety, has expressed himself in terms as strong as any of the most rationalistic of disciples of the Coleridge school:—

"It appears to me that divines, who profess a faith in something not intelligible, must have still less respect for the sacred records than the dissentients whose doctrines they most abhor. There is scarcely a more ungrammatical and false interpretation, than the old Unitarian translation of the last words of the first verse of the prologue, 'And the Word was a God'; but at least this shows an endeavour to bring words which relate to the very substance of reason, into accordance with reason, as they conceived it; and they ought to have been met on this ground. As to a comparison of the apostles of this dry Protestant orthodoxy with the eminent leaders of the Gnostics in this respect, it would be ridiculous. Those men showed themselves full of intellectual and moral Christian earnestness in their speculations respecting this very prologue; whereas, if one reads all that the old Protestant schools have said on it during these 250 years, there is scarcely anything, philosophically speaking, but chaff to be found in it."

According to the sound Baconian philosophy, men do not hesitate to admit as truths, even in natural science, things which are unintelligible to reason. Facts are received, although explanations cannot always be given. And far more is it so in theology, the facts of which, as Bacon well shows in his 'Novum Organum,' are necessarily derived from sources beyond the reach either of human reason or observation, but when revealed are to be examined and classed and generalized on the principles of inductive science. This is all that Protestants have done in those systematic treatises, and expositions of scripture doctrine, so much of which is by the admirers of reason designated as 'chaff.' Bishop Butler's 'Analogy,' for instance, is an express argument for the application of the Baconian philosophy to revealed as well as to natural religion, and he shows how the very same difficulties to reason occur in the study of nature that give offence in the study of scripture. And yet we are told by Dr. Bunsen that "they show little respect for the word of God, who set down its most sublime and important declarations as unintelligible to the human reason." With this view, we are not surprised at the author's statements regarding revelation and inspiration, or when, sheltering himself behind the patristic treatise, he says of Professor Gaußen's masterly and philosophical work, "the Theopneusty, or theory of Inspiration, would have appeared

to Hippolytus a dangerous Jewish superstition." There are other passages, in which the inspiration of some inner light in the soul seems to be unduly exalted:—

"Tradition speaks Semitic to the Christian nations who now lead on civilization; but the Spirit within them speaks another language. The religious records having ceased to be national, the religious life has lost one of the mainsprings of vitality and sacredness. This means, in the language of the philosophy of universal history, that the problem has been placed higher: the nations which adopt the foreign traditions must perish, or raise the religious consciousness to a higher life."

If any distinct meaning can be attached to this, it is one which would be approved by Emerson or Francis Newman, but which we are surprised to find in a work by Bunsen. We regret that these speculations on the general philosophy of religion have been interpolated in the present work. They have little relation with a treatise on the lost books of Hippolytus. But having obtained the prominence which a place in so valuable a work will secure for them, we were bound to examine strictly their nature, and point out their tendency. Having done this, the more pleasant task remains for another notice of pointing out some of the valuable contributions to ecclesiastical literature which have been made by the author of 'Hippolytus and his Age.' So far as philology and church history are concerned, it is one of the most important works that has appeared for many years.

Palissy the Potter. By Henry Morley. Chapman and Hall.

OUR literature is becoming overladen with a class of biographies which may be styled conjectural. Their authors select as a victim some obscure great man, about the events and particulars of whose life little—often very little—is known. The less that is recorded concerning him the better for his biographer, whose main purpose is to invent a plausible tale and point a conjectural moral. The hero of the story is known to have lived about the beginning or the middle or the end of some particular century. The country he lived in is also known, and the pursuit by which his name became preserved to posterity. These details are quite sufficient for his eulogist, who thereupon proceeds to connect him with every remarkable event of the age in which he flourished, and to develop, with minute precision, every stage of his domestic life. By a process of biographical clairvoyance, his inmost thoughts are brought to light, and his every action clearly described. Whether or not he had the satisfaction of being introduced to other great men of his day and country, has not been put upon record by old chroniclers; it matters little, for now he is made intimate with all of them. Moreover, since after every stretch of imagination it still becomes difficult to fill a sufficient number of pages with the history of his life alone, brief, or it may be, lengthy notices of the equally obscure among his more eminent contemporaries are introduced, founded on equally precise data. Philosophical reflections upon what he or his friends might have done, but did not do, swell out the interstices, and all being set forth in fluent English, a work of pretension, readable and not quite unprofitable, results. When Mr. Morley undertook to write the life of Bernard Palissy, the little that is known about this true man of genius, besides

what he has himself told us, necessarily obliged the biographer to pursue the conjectural path. Two volumes have resulted, in which guesses are over-numerous; and a sentimentality of style that ill accords with the rough vigour of Palissy's genius, makes them in places rather sickly reading.

Bernard Palissy lived in the sixteenth century. The year of his birth is uncertain, and the place. He was born poor, and is supposed to have been a gentleman by descent. He received no education, and was brought up as a glass-painter. He was a bold thinker, and had all the confidence and originality that distinguish self-educated geniuses. He speculated in chemistry, natural history, geology, gardening, farming, and fortification, and was far in advance of his age. The few writings left behind by him are remarkable for energy of thought. He struggled patiently in the midst of poverty, confident that it lay within him to discover many of the secrets of enamel-making, and at length, after many trials, succeeded. The peculiar ware invented by him is famous still as Palissy ware, and sought after, as precious on account of its beauty, by lovers of the ceramic art. He was appreciated by his contemporaries, listened to with delight by many of the greatest men of his day, protected by mighty warriors, and even by kings and queens, and permitted, though often threatened with persecution, to speak out boldly and freely his religious opinions, for he was an uncompromising Huguenot. The mob of bigots would have destroyed him; but the more aristocratic of Papists valued him for his wisdom and his pottery. Nevertheless, a very old man, he died in the Bastille at last.

Mr. Morley has told his hero's story with good feeling and thorough sympathy; but in weaving it into a sort of romance we lose some of the interest which is inspired by the fragmentary notices of Palissy's life, as told by the man himself. His biographer has translated some of the most striking portions of his writings, and inserted them as a very full appendix to the work. They give much value to this book, which, whatever may be its defects, is, nevertheless, well worthy perusal and deserving of a place in all good libraries. The name of Palissy deserves a high place in the records of genius. His star shone bright amid a dark sky, and was the herald of many discoveries. The critic who would sneer at the theme of these volumes must be alike shallow and ungenerous.

The following account of some of Palissy's notions on natural history serves well to show the character of his mind and the bold spirit in which he endeavoured to explain the phenomena that attracted his searching observation:—

"The second treatise in Bernard's book is devoted to the statement of certain opinions to which he had attained on natural history. In this essay he begins by recurring to his proposition that in all kinds of trees, herbs, and plants, there was salt; he adds now, that there are salts in stones and metals, which cause them to retain the solid form. The shape of mountains is due to the shape of the rocks beneath, which, being decomposed by air and rain, return into the state of earth, and being in the state of earth, are never idle, but will produce thorns or thistles if no grain be sown. The valleys, being washed by rains and made too moist, lose a portion of their salts, which being more concentrated on the high lands, there produce stronger trees and fruits of better savour. For the savour of a fruit, he says, depends upon the salts within it, and that

is a doctrine fully in accordance with the science of the present day.

"Palissy then directs his disputant to take note of the crumbling of old walls, but is met promptly by a violent antagonism to his theory of the constant formation of new rocks, and disintegration of the surface of the rocks already formed. He is told that in the beginning God made heaven and earth; he made also the stones, and none therefore have since been made. This objection was no idle one three centuries ago. To the eyes of the orthodox these doctrines of Palissy concerning stones would appear utterly abominable and profane. The reply of Palissy to the dogmatist is very beautiful: 'I know well that it is written in the Book of Genesis that God created all things in six days, and that he rested on the seventh; but for all that, God did not create these things to leave them idle; therefore each performs its duty according to the commandment it received from God. The stars and planets are not idle; the sea wanders from one place to another, and labours to bring forth profitable things; the earth likewise is never idle; that which decays naturally in her she renews, she forms over again—if not in one shape, she will reproduce it in another. And that is why you have to take manure-heaps to the earth, in order that the earth may receive again the substance which she gave.' So clear and extensive was the view of nature to which Palissy had risen since he was a child at play among the glass-workers.

"He then speaks of the changes that take place beneath the surface of the earth—the formation of coal, of minerals, the kindling under the earth of fire 'by some compression.' He speaks of earthquakes, of the rising and sinking of mountains, as evidences of a constant change. If stones were not continually formed, he says, 'it would be difficult to find at this day a horse-load of them in a whole kingdom;' and he points out the daily waste of stone by man, by frost, and other causes.

"Being required to give some further proof that stones are being at all times formed as well as wasted, he relates how he had been surprised when he for the first time found shells encrusted in a mass of stone, themselves being converted into stone. This, after much pondering, he then accounted for by the opinion that they were shells of fish that had been eaten by some former dwellers on the spot, and that the shells having decayed, 'the substance and property of the salt of the said shells made attraction of the adjacent earth, and reduced it into stone with itself; however, because the said shells retained more salt in themselves than they gave to the earth, they congealed with a congelation much harder.' Afterwards, he had been puzzled by certain stones embedded in rock, 'which were made in the fashion of a ram's horn'—ammonites, in fact—until 'it happened one day that one named Pierre Guoy, citizen and sheriff of this town of Saintes, found in his farm one of the said stones which was half open, and had certain dentations which fitted admirably one into the other; and because the said Guoy knew that I was curious in such things, he made me a present of the said stone, whereat I was greatly rejoiced; and from that time I understood that the said stone had formerly been a shell of a fish, which fish we see no more.' Then he describes how he was once seeking shells upon the shore of Olleron, probably as models to be used in ornamental pottery, and had engaged a score of women and children to aid him in searching on the rocks; there were brought to him a number of fishes, which we know, from his minute description, not exactly under the class of fishes, but of Radiata, as sea-urchins. 'Now, some time afterwards,' he says, 'there was an advocate, a famous man, and lover of letters and arts, who, in disputing of some art, showed me two shells quite similar in form to the said urchin-shells, but which were quite massive; and the said advocate, named Babaud, maintained that the said stones had been carved by the hand of some workman, and was quite astonished when I maintained against him that the said stones were natural,' and Babaud found it still more strange when Palissy proceeded to explain how such stones had been moulded into shells."

In this fashion Mr. Morley has given an excellent digest of Palissy's writings and opinions. His method of dealing with the labours and trials of the philosopher-artisan's life may be fairly exemplified in the following extract, taken from perhaps the most graphic chapters of the work, those in which Palissy's weary persevering search after the discovery of his wished-for white enamel is feelingly described:—

"Bernard lighted then his furnace-fire, by two mouths, as he had seen to be the custom at the glass-houses. He put his vessels in, that the enamel might melt over them. He did not spare his wood. If his composition really did melt—if it did run over his vessels in a coat of that same white and singularly beautiful enamel which he had brought home in triumph from the glass-house—then there would be no more disappointments, no more hungry looks to fear; the prize would then be won. Palissy did not spare his wood; he diligently fed his fire all day, he diligently fed his fire all night. The enamel did not melt. The sun broke in upon his labour, his children brought him portions of the scanty household meals, the scantiness impelled him to heap on more wood, the sun set, and through the dark night, by the blaze and crackle of the furnace, Palissy worked on. The enamel did not melt. Another day broke over him: pale, haggard, half-stripped, bathed in perspiration, he still fed the furnace-fire, but the enamel had not melted. For the third night his wife went to bed alone, with terrible misgivings. A fourth day and a fourth night, and a fifth and sixth—six days and nights were spent about the glowing furnace, each day more desperately indefatigable in its labour than the last; but the enamel had not melted.

"It had not melted; that did not imply that it was not the white enamel. A little more of the flux used to aid in the melting of a metal, might have made the difference, thought Palissy. 'Although,' he says, 'quite stupefied with labour, I counselled to myself that in my enamel there might be too little of the substance which should make the others melt; and seeing this—' What then? not, 'I regretted greatly the omission'; but, 'I began, once more, to pound and grind the before-named materials, all the time without letting my furnace cool; in this way I had double labour, to pound, grind, and maintain the fire.' He could hire no man to feed the fire while he was sleeping, and so, after six days and nights of unremitting toil, which had succeeded to a month of severe labour, for two or three weeks more Palissy still devoted himself to the all-important task. The labour of years might be now crowned with success, if he could persevere. Stupefied, therefore, with a labour under which many a weaker body would have yielded, though the spirit had maintained its unconquerable temper, Palissy did not hesitate, without an hour's delay, to begin his entire work afresh. Sleeping by minutes at a time, that he might not allow the supply to fail of fresh wood heaped into the furnace, Palissy ground and pounded, and corrected what he thought was his mistake in the proportions of the flux. There was great hope in the next trial; for the furnace, having been so long alight, would be much hotter than it was before, while at the same time the enamel would be in itself more prompt to melt. All his own vessels having been spoiled—the result of seven months' labour in the moulding—Palissy went out into the town, when his fresh enamel was made ready, and purchased pots on which to make proof of the corrected compound.

"For more than three weeks Palissy had been imprisoned in the outhouse with his furnace, haggard, weary, unsuccessful, but not conquered yet, his position really justifying hope. But the vessels which his wife had seen him spend seven months in making, lay before her spoilt; the enamel had not melted; appearances were wholly against hope to her as an observer from without. Bernard had borrowed money for his last experiments: they were worse than moneyless, they were in debt. The wood was going, the hope of food was almost gone.

Bernard was working at the furnace, desperately pouring in fresh wood; his wife sat in the house, overwhelmed with despair. Could it lessen her despair that there was no result when all the stock of wood was gone, and, wanting money to buy more, she vainly strove to hinder Palissy from tearing up the palings of their garden, that he might go on with a work which had already ruined them.

"Bernard knew well how much depended on his perseverance then. There was distinct and fair hope that the melting of his present mixture would produce enamelled vessels. If it should do this, he was safe. Though in themselves, since he now had mere jugs and pipkins to enamel, they might not repay his labour, yet it sufficed that they would prove his case—justify all his zeal before the world, and make it clear to all men that he had a secret which would earn for him an ample livelihood. Upon the credit of this great discovery from that day forward he could easily sustain his family, until he should have time to produce its next results. The furnace, at a large expense of fuel, was then fully heated; his new vessels had been long subjected to its fire; in ten minutes—twenty minutes—the enamel might melt. If it required a longer time, still it was certain that a billet in that hour was of more value than a stack of wood could be after the furnace had grown cold again.

"So Bernard felt; but any words of his, to his wife's ear, would only sound like the old phrases of fruitless hope. The labour and the money perilled for the last nine months, were represented by the spoiled vessels in the outhouse: they were utterly lost. The palings were burnt in vain; the enamel had not melted. There was a crashing in the house; the children were in dismay, the wife, assisted doubtless by such female friends as had dropped in to comfort her, now became loud in her reproach. Bernard was breaking up the tables, and carrying them off, legs and bodies, to the all-consuming fire. Still the enamel did not melt. There was more crashing and hammering in the house; Palissy was tearing up the floors, to use the planks as firewood. Frantic with despair, the wife rushed out into the town; and the household of Palissy traversed the town of Saintes, making loud publication of the scandal."

Our extracts are necessarily long. One more will serve at once to illustrate some of the peculiarities of Palissy's character—his fearlessness in expressing censure of men in power especially—and also the skill with which Mr. Morley has brought the stores of rich and varied reading to lighten and ornament his subject:—

"Palissy had a little malice in his composition. He evidently is not fond of the queen's architect, Philibert Delorme, who was associated with Bullant in the founding of the Tuilleries, and took the lead, by virtue of superior genius, superior wealth, and more assuming ways. In reputation as an architect, Delorme yields to no French contemporary except Pierre Lescot, and takes a questionable precedence of Bullant. In practice he was probably the most prosperous architect of his own day. He governed the works of Catherine of Medicis at the Tuilleries, at Anet, St. Maur des Fossés, St. Cloud, and elsewhere. As Palissy worked at the gardens of the Tuilleries, and Delorme had a taste for garden architecture and original ideas on water-works, the Potter doubtless found himself subject to more interference than he liked, and resented Delorme's affectations of superiority. Delorme had met at first with serious mishaps in the watering of the famous Garden of Meudon, for the Cardinal Guise, Charles of Lorraine. His works, modified subsequently by Mansard and Le Nôtre, have made Meudon famous. It is to this enterprise that Palissy alludes in dwelling with malicious pleasure on Delorme's early mischances. 'I know,' he says, 'that there has been a French architect in our time, who almost caused himself to be styled the god of masons or of architects; and inasmuch as he possessed twenty thousand in benefices, and knew how to make his way at court'—(he had been councillor and almoner to Charles IX., was abbot of St. Eloy les Noyon, of

St. Serge by Angers, &c.)—‘it happened that he boasted sometimes of being able to make water rise as high as it pleased him by means of pumps or machines, and by such self-assertion he induced a great lord to wish to raise the water of a river to a high garden which he had near the said river. He commanded that money should be paid over to meet the cost: which being accorded, the said architect caused to be made a great number of leaden pipes, and certain wheels in the river, to cause the movement of the mallets by which the suckers are set in action. But when this came to raise the water, there was not a pipe that did not burst, because of the violence of the air enclosed with the water; then having seen that the lead was too weak, the said architect commanded that with all diligence there should be cast pipes of brass, upon which work were employed a great number of founders, in such wise that the expense of these things was so great that it has been found by the papers of the controllers to have amounted to forty thousand francs, although the result was not worth anything.’

“Soon afterwards, in the same essay, Palissy finds another occasion to play critic against the masons’ god. ‘If Monsieur the queen’s architect, who had visited Italy, and who had gained authority and command over all the artisans of the said lady’ (all the artisans, and Palissy was one of them), ‘had only had ever so little natural philosophy, without any letters, he would have caused some wall or arcade to be made across the valley of St. Cloud, and thereby have brought his water gently from the bridge of St. Cloud to the park walls,’ &c.

“In the works of Ronsard there is an anecdote concerning Philibert Delorme which illustrates the character of the great architect, and the temper of authority and command which ill became a man of genius, and before which the spirit of Master Bernard of the Tuilleries was certainly not likely to submit. Ronsard one day was about to pass into the Tuilleries in the suite of the queen-mother, when Delorme caused the door to be shut in his face. The Sieur de Sarlan caused it to be immediately opened to him, and Ronsard, entering, took up a piece of chalk, and wrote in capitals upon the door, before the face of the church pluralist and architect, **FORT REVERENT HABE.** Habe, equivalent to Hâve, was a term of reproach, meaning a meagre person, ‘a wrinkled or scraggy old woman,’ as the dictionary has it, and the term probably applied with some force to the person of the architect, while the Very Reverend might be applied sarcastically to his clerical revenues, or to his overbearing claim on reverence. It will have been observed that Palissy speaks of the architect always as ‘commanding.’ Delorme, offended by Ronsard’s inscription, brought his complaint before the queen; but the offender, being summoned to answer for himself, informed her majesty that what he had written was not a scurrilous insult, but a delicate reproof. ‘Fort Reverent Habe are not French words, madame, but the commencement of a verse out of Ausonius: *Fortunam reverenter habe—Be modest in prosperity—words profitable to be read by all men to whom fortune has been kind.*’”

If this work should come to a second edition—and in many respects it is worthy of that pleasant fate—its author would do well to compress his matter, and make the story of Palissy’s life more compact and pithy. By this treatment he would secure a long duration for an original biography, the fruit of much well-bestowed research. Within a less compass Mr. Morley might have written a better book. His choice of a subject is good, but to treat the life of Bernard Palissy thoroughly, a man of science should be the biographer. Mr. Morley’s science is too evidently gained at second-hand, and with every wish to do Palissy justice, he too plainly lacks the peculiar knowledge that would enable him to comprehend the full force and far-seeing character of his hero’s mind. Men, able in their way, whose pursuits and knowledge are

purely literary, commit a great mistake when they venture, with the rashness and volubility of ignorance, to discuss scientific generalities for the comprehension of which special knowledge and training in practical research are absolutely necessary. Shallowness cannot be disguised by bold talking and the jargon in vogue among popular philosophers. This censure, however, we do not wish to apply to the author of the volumes before us,—yet he cannot be wholly acquitted of partaking of these now common failings.

Journals of a Landscape Painter in Southern Calabria, &c. By Edward Lear. Bentley.

THE welcome reception given last year to Mr. Lear’s pleasant ‘Journal of a Landscape Painter in Albania,’ has tempted the artist to publish another, similarly illustrated, of two interesting tours performed in the autumn of 1847 in Italy. It has been recorded by a recent traveller, that “a determined sketcher tries one enough sometimes as a travelling companion;” but when two sympathetic sketchers travel together, and revel right joyfully in “torrents and fastnesses, and all the prodigality of mountain scenery, caves, brigands and pointed hats, costumes, character, and horrors and magnificence without end,” there is a pleasurable sensation, especially when journeying on foot, at every step that suggests employment for the pencil. The first of the tours here related was in Southern Calabria, the toe of Italy, and the second in the kingdom of Naples. Mr. Lear and his friend P—, crossing over from Messina, commenced their Calabrian journey at Reggio, and setting out on the first morning of their arrival at sunrise in search of the picturesque, were early looking among cactus and aloe lanes, fig gardens and orange groves, for an artistic view of the city:—

“Reggio is indeed one vast garden, and doubtless one of the loveliest spots to be seen on earth. A half-ruined castle, beautiful in colour and picturesque in form, overlooks all the long city, the wide straits, and snow-topped Mongibello beyond. Below the castle walls are spread wide groves of orange, lemon, citron, bergamot, and all kinds of such fruit as are called by the Italians ‘Agrumi;’ their thick verdure stretched from hill to shore as far as the eye can reach on either side, and only divided by the broad white lines of occasional torrent courses. All the fulness of Sicilian vegetation awaits you in your foreground; almond, olive, cactus, palm tree, aloe, and fig, forming delightful combinations wherever you turn your steps.”

With a good-humoured guide, and a horse to carry luggage, the travellers roamed across the country, from Reggio to Bova, depending chiefly on the hospitality of families to whom they were furnished with letters of introduction:—

“Our day passed quietly away between lionizing and drawing: the Marzano family, plain, homely, well-bred people, was of the friendliest. At sunset we sauntered in what they termed, ‘Il Giardino,’ one of those weed-full disarranged plots of ground, so delightful to the ‘dolce far niente’ of Italian life, and so inducive of ‘lotus-eating,’ quiet and idleness;—a pergola-walk, tangled with grass below and fig-bushes hanging above over walls of gray rock, commands vistas, among the vine-branches, of the long graceful form of Etna, with clear lines of rock and river sweeping down to the far sea. Then there were hives, with wondrously good honey; for superiority in which product Bova and Amendolia contend as zealously as they dispute their several titles to be styled the birthplace of Praxiteles, the Greek sculptor. The cactus grows in immense luxuriance over every crag and moun-

tain side hereabouts—it is the very weed of the country: the fruit, which at its best may be compared to a very insipid apricot, is greatly valued by the Calabrians, and seems to form no small proportion of the food of the poorer classes.

“From the precipices which frown above the numerous fumaras towards the shore, this extraordinary vegetable hangs downward in grotesque festoons and chains of great length, and in many places forms a thickly-matted surface, which to any fortress on the cliff above would be a complete defence. In early summer its bright yellow blossoms add a charm to its strange and wild appearance.”

At Palizzi, a few miles further eastward, and at other places difficult of access, it was not easy for Mr. Lear and his friend to satisfy the inhabitants during that revolutionary period that they were no spies:—

“The streets of Palizzi, through which no Englishman perhaps had as yet descended, were swarming with perfectly naked, berry-brown children, and before I reached the taverna I could hardly make my way through the gathering crowd of astonished mahogany cupids. The taverna was but a single dark room, its walls hung with portraits of little saints, and its furniture a very filthy bed with a crimson velvet gold-fringed canopy, containing an unclothed ophthalmic baby, an old cat, and a pointer dog; all the rest of the chamber being loaded with rolls of linen, guns, gourds, pears, hats, glass tumblers, puppies, jugs, sieves, &c.; still it was a better resting-place than the hut at Condofòri, inasmuch as it was free from many intruders. Until P— came, and joined with me in despatching a feeble dinner of eggs, figs, and cucumber, wine and snow, I sate exhibited and displayed for the benefit of the landlord, his wife, and family, who regarded me with unmingled amazement, saying perpetually, ‘O donde siete?’—‘O che fai?’—‘O chi sei?’ And, indeed, the passage of a stranger through these outlandish places is so unusual an occurrence, that on no principle but one can the aborigines account for your appearance. ‘Have you no rocks, no towns, no trees in your own country? Are you not rich? Then what can you wish here?’—here, in this place of poverty and incommodo! What are you doing? Where are you going?’ You might talk for ever; but you could not convince them you are not a political agent sent to spy out the nakedness of the land, and masking the intentions of your government under the thin veil of portraying scenes, in which they see no novelty, and take no delight.”

The abundant cultivation of silkworms proved not always agreeable:—

“Don Domenico Musitani, the chief man of the place, to whom the never-failing care of the Consigliere da Nava had recommended us, was sitting in the Piazza—an obese and taciturn man, who read the introductory letter, and forthwith took us to his house; which, among many unpleasing recollections, will certainly ever rank as one of the most disagreeable. Life in these regions of natural magnificence is full of vivid contrasts. The golden abstract visions of the hanging woods and crags of Pietrapennata were suddenly opposed to the realities of Don D. Musitani’s rooms, which were so full of silkworms as to be beyond measure disgusting. To the cultivation of this domestic creature all Stati is devoted; yellow cocoons in immense heaps are piled up in every possible place, and the atmosphere may be conceived rather than described; for there is no more sickening odour than that of many thousand caterpillars confined in the closest of chambers. Almost did we repent of ever having come into these Calabrian lands!”

Mr. Lear met with an eccentric and amusing character at Bovalino:—

“Bovalino is a place of considerable size, and we were charmed by its strongly defined Calabrese character as we ascended the winding pathways full of homeward-bound peasants, the costume of the women being prettier here than any we had yet seen.

"We went at once with an introductory letter to Count Garrolo, one of the chief proprietors of the place, and fortunately found him just returned from the country: the small rooms of his house betokened the literary man, heaps of books, maps, globes and papers, filling up all corners, and great wealth of very old-fashioned furniture, leaving small space for sitting or standing. The Conte himself was a most good-natured and fussy little man, excessively consequential and self-satisfied, but kind withal, and talking and bustling in the most breathless haste, quoting Greek and Latin, hinting at antiquities and all kinds of dim lore and obscure science, rushing about, ordering his two domestics to and fro, explaining, apologising, and welcoming, without the least cessation. He had come from a villa, a villetta, a vigna—an old property of his family—Giovanni Garrolo, Gasparo Garrolo, Luca Garrolo, Stefano Garrolo,—he had come just now, this very minute: he had come on a mule, on two mules, with the Contessa, the amiable Contessa, he had come slowly—pian, pian, piano, piano, piano—for the Contessa expected to be confined shortly—perhaps to-day—he hoped not; he would like us to be acquainted with her; her name was Serafina; she was intellectual and charming; the mules had never stumbled; he had put on the crimson-velvet housings, a gilt coronet embossed, Garrolo, Garrolo, Garrolo, Garrolo, in all four corners; he had read the Contessa an ode to ancient Locris all along the road, it amused her, a Latin ode; the Contessa enjoyed Latin; the Contessa had had six children, all in Paradise, great loss, but all for the best; would we have some snow and wine? Bring some snow, bring some wine.—He would read us a page, two pages, three—Locri Opuntii, Locri, Epizephyrii, Normans, Saracens—Indian figs and Indian corn—Julius Caesar and the Druids, Dante, Shakespeare,—silkworms and mulberries—rents and taxes, antediluvians, American republics, astronomy and shell-fish,—like the rushing of a torrent was the volubility of the Conte Garrolo—yet one failed to receive any distinct impression from what he said, so unconnected and rapid was the jumbling together of his subjects of eloquence. Nevertheless, his liveliness diverted us to the utmost, the more from its contrast to the lethargic and monotonous conversation of most of our former hosts; and we wondered if the Contessa would talk a tenth part as much, or as loudly. Supper was ready sooner than in most of these houses, and when it was served, in came the Contessa, who was presented to us by her husband with a crash of compliments and apologies for her appearance, which put our good breeding to the severest test; in all my life I never so heartily longed to burst into merriment, for the poor lady, either from ill-health or long habitual deference to her loquacious spouse, said nothing in the world but 'Nirr si,' or 'Nirr no,' which smallest efforts of intellectual discourse she continued to insert between the Count's sentences in the meekest way, like Pity, between the drummings of despair in Collins' 'Ode to the Passions.'

"'Scusatela, scusatela,' thundered the voluble Conte, 'scusatela—cena, cena, a cena—tavola pronta, tavola pronta'—

"'Nirr si.'

"'Subito, subito, subito, subito.'

"'Nirr si, nirr no.'

"'Sedetevi, sedetevi—(sorella sua morta quattro mesi fa.)'

"'Nirr si.'

"'Mangiate! mangiate!'

"'Nirr no.'

"'Maccaroni? pollo? (madre morta, piange troppo,) alicetti si, zuppa si, ove si.'

"'Nirr no.'

"'Signori forestieri, prendete vino. Contessa, statevi allegra.'

"'Nirr si.'

* "Excuse her, excuse her, supper, supper, supper, the table is ready; the table is ready.—*Nirr si*.—Quick, quick, quick, quick. *Nirr si, nirr no*.—Sit down, sit down:—(her sister died four months ago).—*Nirr si*.—Eat, eat. *Nirr no*.—Maccaroni? fowl? (her mother is dead—she cries too much) anchovies? soups? eggs?—*Nirr no*.—Signori stranieri, take some wine. Countess, be merry. *Nirr si, &c.*"

"It was a most trying and never-ending monologue, bearing the choral *nirr si* and *no*, and how it was we did not go off improperly into shrieks of laughter I cannot tell, unless that the day's fatigue had made our spirits tractable. Instantly after supper the Contessa vanished, and the Conte bustled about like an armadillo in a cage, showing us our room, and bringing in a vast silver basin and jug, towels, &c., with the most surprising alacrity, and although the ludicrous greatly predominated in these scenes, yet so much prompt and kind attention shown to the wants of two entire strangers by these worthy people was most pleasing. For all that, how we did laugh when we talked over the ways of this amazing Count Garrolo!"

We must now select an extract or two from Mr. Lear's Neapolitan journal. Returning to Sicily, the travellers again left the island for Naples. Journeying inland towards Melfi, the following notice occurs of the Mofette:—

"The hollow basin in which lies this strange and ugly vapour bath is fringed on one side by a wood of oaks, behind which the mountain of Chiunano forms a fine background: but on the northern approach, or that from Frigento, the sloping hill is bare, and terminates in a wide crust of sulphurous mud, cracked, dry, and hollow at some little distance from the pool, but soft, and undulating like yeast at the brink of the little lake itself. The water, if water it be, is as black as ink, and in appearance thick, bubbling and boiling up from a hundred springs which wrinkle its disastrous looking surface: but when the liquid is taken out into any vessel, it is said—for we did not make the experiment—to be perfectly clear and cold. Whether or not birds can fly across or over the enchanted pool, I cannot tell, but as we found many stiff and dead on its brink—namely, two crows, four larks, three sparrows, and eight yellow-hammers—it is but fair to conclude that the noxious vapours had something to do with stocking this well-filled ornithological necropolis; and as to ourselves, we found that to inhale the air within two or three feet of the water was a very unpleasing experiment, resulting in a catching or stupefying sensation, which in my own case did not entirely pass away for two or three days."

A pleasant sojourn at Melfi brings sadly to remembrance the earthquake that subsequently laid the city in ruins, and by which catastrophe nearly a thousand of its inhabitants perished:—

"September 18.—A delightful place of sojourn is Melfi, the first stronghold of Normans in Apulia. One of the towers of Roger de Hauteville still exists, but the great hall, where Normans and Popes held councils in bygone days, is now a theatre.

"The present building dates from the sixteenth century, and the offices and other additions still later. The castle overlooks the whole town of Melfi, but no great extent of distant country, for one side of the horizon is wholly filled up by the near Monte Voltore, and the remainder by a range of low hills, so that the site of the town seems to have been selected as much for concealment as strength.

"A morning's ramble made me acquainted with all the characteristic beauties of the place, which is a perfect tame oasis among much uninteresting scenery. The picturesque buildings of the city (which seems to occupy the site of some ancient place); the valley below it, with its clear stream and great walnut-trees; the numerous fountains; the innumerable caves in the rocks around, now used as stabling for goats, which cluster in swarthy multitudes on tiers of crags; the convents and shrines scattered here and there in the suburbs; the crowded houses and the lofty spires of the interior and the perfectly Poussinesque castle, with its fine corner tower commanding the whole scene: so many fine features in a circumscribed space it is not common to see, even in Italy. If one must find a fault, it is that Melfi cannot boast of a beautiful

bit of remote landscape to fill up the list of its excellent qualities.

"In the middle of the day we returned to the castle, and were treated most hospitably by the polite Signor Manassei and his family, consisting of his wife and two daughters; and, after we had passed the afternoon in drawing, a sort of réunion of Melfitan neighbours, guitars, singing, and cards till supper-time, closed a very agreeable day.

"September 19.—There is a formidable long gallery adjoining our room, full of old oak chests, and older armour, and its windows are seized every now and then with terrible fits of rattling, so that one is apt to think old Andrea Doria's ghost may be walking about, if not that of some old Norman. We dined with the whole family to-day, and found them very agreeable, particularly one of the daughters. Signora Manassei has, in speaking of the world of Melfi, that mixture of kindness and pity which characterizes the true Roman manner. Then we loitered on vine terraces and under pergola, and ate grapes in the large vineyards behind the castle; and, along with Signor Vittorio and his two merry daughters, examined all the older part of the building, the prisons, and the old hall, used as a theatre in the last century.

"September 20.—Another merry day—drawing out of doors—laughter within. What a home one might make of the Castle of Melfi, with its city below and its territory around—the beau idéal of old feudal possession and magnificence."

At Venosa, not far distant from Melfi, our travellers fell into good quarters at the house of Don Rapolla, and we have, in the author's narrative of his visit, an interesting picture of Italian life:—

"We easily found the house of Don Nicôla Rapolla, to whom Signor Manassei had addressed us, the principal proprietor of the place; it was an extremely large rambling mansion in a great courtyard, where granaries, stables, and a profusion of pigeons, and other domestic creatures, indicated the wealthy man. Two ladies of considerable beauty, and graceful exterior and manners, informed us that Don Nicôla was from home, but his brothers, DD. Peppino and Domenico, husbands of the two ladies, soon joined and heartily welcomed us. Don Peppino, dressed in the extreme of Neapolitan fashion, and Donna Maria in a riding-habit and hat, appeared to our amazed senses as truly wonderful and unexpected objects in this the land of Horace. Presently, Don Nicôla, a sacerdote, but head and eldest of the house, and lord and master of all Venosa, came home, and renewed welcome followed; we were shown into very good rooms, containing four-post bedsteads, pier-glasses, wardrobes, and other luxuries which Horatian ages knew not; and after a while we prepared ourselves in 'our best clothes' for supper; for our hosts are Neapolitan grandes of the first caste, and all their household arrangements exhibit good taste and order. As for the two ladies, they talk French as well as Italian, and are infinitely agreeable and intelligent. To-morrow we are to be lionized over Venosa.

"September 25.—The castle of Venosa is a fine old building of the fifteenth century; it is inhabited at present by Don Peppino Rapolla and his lady. Hither, attended by Don Nicôla, whom I in vain endeavoured to detach from us, we repaired at early morn, and sate down before it to draw, our polite host lingering by our sides, until, on my telling him that we might be fixed for two or three hours, he at length withdrew. Afterwards we crossed the ravine, and drew the town of Venosa, with its old churches and picturesque houses, and the purple Monte Voltore behind,—one of the most pleasing landscapes I had seen in this part of the Regno.

"At noon we paid a visit to the castle and its inmates. Don Peppino has modernised one of the great halls into a very delightful drawing-room, where a grand piano and sofas harmonise well with old carved chairs and ornamented ceilings; its pretty and ladylike mistress being the chief charm of the salon.

"We explored the whole of this old feudal fortress: a long winding stair leads to fearsome dungeons, their sad and gloomy walls covered with inscriptions, written by the hands of despairing captives. Most of these mournful records are dated in the early years of the sixteenth century, and a volume of ugly romances might be gathered from the melancholy list. Then there were four stables to see, each made to hold fifty horses; and a deep moat round the whole castle, with other et-cetera—'que nunc describere,' &c.

"Returning at noon to the Casa Rapolla, we found the dinner-hour fixed at three—woe to us for the fashionable hours of our hospitable hosts!—through which arrangement we fear our afternoon sketching must be relinquished. Don Peppeino and his wife were of the party, and the entertainment was excellent in all respects. The conversation is often on English literature—Shakespeare, Milton, &c., on whom there are various opinions; but all agree about 'quel Autore adorabile, Valter Scott!' The Canonico reads one of the romanzi once a month, and the whole family delight in them; and are also equally conversant with other known English writers. The cuisine is of a much more recherché kind than is usually met with in the provinces, and we are particularly directed to taste this dish of sepia or cuttlefish, or to do justice to those mushrooms. The wines, moreover, are superexcellent, and the little black olives the best possible; and all things are well served and in good taste.

"After dinner we moved into the library—a large room well stored with books; here we have caffè and a visit from the Giudice and other Venusiani, after which we go out in a carriage to see the lions of the town. And first the ancient cathedral, spoiled by modern 'improvements,' white-washed and bedaubed, one good arch only remaining intact; many fragments, apparently of Roman workmanship, are built up into the walls. Next, the church of La Trinità, an extremely ancient low building with pointed arches; two large stone lions guard the door, and near it is a vestibule containing a single column, around which, according to the local popular superstition, if you go hand in hand with any person, the two circumambulants are certain to remain friends for life. The interior of this most interesting church is miserably spoiled by neglect and additions: on the walls are yet visible many half-effaced frescoes of early date,—one of Pope Niccolò has suffered but little from time. There are the tombs also of Robert Guiscard, and Ademberta his wife, but so shamefully out of repair, that the Trinità church is a disgrace to Venosa. Hence we went to a church commenced on a great scale by the Benedictines, but the progress or completion of the building was interrupted by an earthquake or want of funds; there is a fine perspective of ancient columns and capitals, but the whole edifice is now overgrown with vegetation, and part of it turned into a vineyard, the vines forming a pergola walk where the middle aisle should be: nothing of its kind can be more picturesque than this verdant ruin.

"Later we went to the remains of the amphitheatre, a ruin only partly excavated; and from thence we adjourned to the castle, where was a 'soirée' and some good singing, till four hours of the night, when we returned to the Casa Rapolla to supper. Such is the fashion of Venosa!"

Like Mr. Lear's former 'Journal,' this is printed in a very handsome style, and illustrated with twenty striking landscapes. It is an elegant book for the drawing-room, and one which may be taken up at intervals for an hour's pleasant reading.

NOTICES.

The Cloud with the Silver Lining. By the Author of 'A Trap to Catch a Sunbeam.' Wright. A very pretty story very prettily told. There is a first-of-May freshness and geniality about all Miss Planche's tales, rendering them ever welcome. This new story is quite in her characteristic style,

with the additional advantage of having no fairy-world creatures and scenes mixed up with the everyday events and persons of real life. The warm flesh-and-blood characters, and the living sympathies of human affairs, come home more impressively to the understanding and heart, even of poetical readers, than the sparkling spirits and the dreamland landscapes which the previous works of the same author have too much presented. Very pleasant these have been to read, but not so profitable for practical lessons as the tales which deal more with reality and less with romance. Very good is the moral of the present story,—the keeping up a stout heart and a pious faith, in the midst of inward darkness or outward trials. The hero and the heroine of this tale found it so, and the reader while rejoicing in the happy ending of the short but sharp troubles of 'Annie' and of 'Frank,' will learn to imitate their resignation, courage, and faith. We heartily commend the book, at once for the cleverness with which it is written, and the good feeling and pious spirit by which it is pervaded. All clouds have their silver lining to the eye of faith.

The Scottish Educational and Literary Journal. No. I. Edinburgh: Hogg. London: Groombridge.

A NEW monthly periodical, the first number of which gives promise of much usefulness, has been published at Edinburgh, under the above title. It is the organ of the Scottish Educational Institute, a voluntary guild or association of the preceptors of the northern part of the island. Besides the official transactions of the Institute, with its local associations, the journal will contain original papers on all matters connected with education. The Scotch we acknowledge to be far before us, both in the theory and practice of popular instruction, and the publication of the experience of their leading preceptors will be a good service rendered to the cause of national education. Among the original papers in this number, we may specify a lecture On the Place of the Classics in Education, by Dr. Schmitz, rector of the High School of Edinburgh, and editor of 'Niebuhr's History;' Notices of Danish History, bearing chiefly on the origin of guild fraternities in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, written evidently by a man of great classical and antiquarian research; The Education of Adults, a paper containing hints of much practical importance; Genealogies Illustrative of History; and an essay On the Advantages of the Study of the Theory along with the Practice of Music, with suggestions on the methods of teaching the combined study, by Finlay Dun, one of the most distinguished musicians of the Scottish capital. There are also reviews and notices of the best new educational works.

The Village Pearl: a Domestic Poem. With Miscellaneous Pieces. By John Crawford Wilson. John Chapman.

AMONG the privileges, or penalties, as the case may be, of distinction in literature, the exercise of a voluntary censorship on the works of young authors must be reckoned. Each man of note in the world of letters, at least in the province of poetry, is president of a sort of Parnassian court, to which aspiring writers come for counsel or judgment. Sir Thomas Talfourd tells us in his memoir of William Deacon, that the number of manuscript compositions thus submitted to him every year is incredible. In nineteen cases out of twenty there is not a vestige of genius, and in too many an absence of prosody, and even of grammar, truly lamentable. No wonder, he says, that complaints are so common as to the calamities of the profession of literature, when so many aspire to be authors who ought never to have written at all. Every critic can confirm this statement, and great is the number even of published works which we pass by in silence, rather than speak harshly of authors who have at least done their best, bad as that may be. If the advice of non-professional critics such as Sir T. Talfourd were oftener followed by those who submit manuscripts for judgment, the labour of reviewers would be agreeably curtailed. In the case of the poems now before us, the volume is

dedicated to Sir T. Talfourd by permission, so that we suppose it has passed favourably his critical tribunal. On the whole we do not contradict his judgment, though we think it has been bestowed rather from good feeling toward the author, and generous sympathy with the subject of the poem, than from severe estimate of its literary merit. The 'Village Pearl' is a tale of the cruel humiliation and sorrow of a lovely girl, and the character of 'the unfortunate and repentant' Mary, by whom poor Elsie was nursed and tended in her affliction, we are told in a note is taken from real life. A few lines will show the metre and style of the poem, in which the author's wise partiality for such writers as Goldsmith and Crabbe is apparent:—

" Beside yon stream,—where branching elms arise,—
The moulderling ruin of a cottage lies;
Around the scatter'd fragments widely spread,
The silvery lustre of the moon is shed,
As if to consecrate a lonely spot
By Heav'n remembered, though by man forgot.
A stagnant pool with slimy leaves o'erspread
Usurps the spot, where once a garden shed
The fragrant perfumes of well-tended flow'rs.
The box-bound path, the honeysuckles bower,
The old slate-dial, and the vine-clad wall,
The busy hive, the bending fruit-trees—all
Have like the cottage crumbled to decay,
And passed from earth like sounds of yesterday.

" On Time's rude stream, thus unattended thrown,
Almost unfringed, helpless, and alone:—
Beneath a neighbouring cotter's fostering care
The thriving infant daily grew more fair.
Endeared to all by Heaven engendered ties,
Each saw with hope the dawn of Reason rise:
Each felt an interest in her budding spring:—
The name of Orphan is a sacred thing—
And through the country round, that rosy girl
Was loved, admired, and called 'The Village Pearl.' "

The affecting story is well told, and if the reader be not surprised by many poetic beauties, he is not shocked by many faults. In some of the minor poems there are fine thoughts well expressed, and the generous spirit displayed in all the pieces leaves a good feeling toward the author, as having afforded us true pleasure in the perusal of his volume.

Essays, Poems, Anecdotes, and Extracts, from my Diary. By Eliza Corf. 2 vols. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

VERY clever and amusing are many of the miscellaneous pieces collected in these volumes. We cannot say much for the style, but there is a garrulous liveliness and a complacent egotism about the writer, which keep the reader in continual good humour. The sportive pieces are the best, the moral and religious essays being all very true, but somewhat tedious. By the number and variety of the subjects the activity and versatility of the writer's mind are displayed. If she possessed judgment and taste equal to her cleverness, more than half the poetry and a third of the prose would never have been printed, and critics would not have ground for severe remarks, from which we refrain, on account of the merit of the other parts of the work, and the apologetic pleadings, in the preface, of a new and inexperienced author.

SUMMARY.

AN American work, entitled *The Napoleon Dynasty*, presents a detailed account of the Bonaparte family, with much biographical and historical information. The volume is divided into ten books, the first describing the origin of the family and its early members of note, the second containing a summary of the life of the Emperor, the third of Josephine, the fourth of Marie Louise, and the others of the several brothers and sisters of Napoleon. The story of Joachim Murat occupies one book; and the last is devoted to Louis Napoleon, President of the French Republic. In some parts of the work new material have been obtained from official sources, and the volume is embellished with twenty-two portraits, some of which have not before been engraved.

A new edition appears of a work valuable to antiquaries, and containing much matter of interest to the general reader, *The Antiquities and Folk-lore of Worcestershire*, by Jabez Allies, Esq., F.S.A. It is a more readable volume than most of those writ-

ten by antiquaries, literary and historical questions relieving the dulness of mere archaeological details.

New editions of the following works are issued:—*Ninereh, its Rise and Ruin*, a popular statement in the form of lectures, compiled from the works of Layard and Rawlinson, and others, by the Rev. John Blackburn. The chief design is to connect recent discoveries with Scripture prophecy.—*Notes and Narrative of a Six Years' Mission in London*, by R. W. Vanderkiste, a city missionary, a volume of which we spoke with praise on its first appearance.—*The Principles and Practice of Hydraulic Engineering*, by John Dwyer, C.E.; a book of great value to engineers, civil and military, surveyors, architects, builders, contractors, and perhaps most of all to drainage commissioners, and all interested in the management of water either on the surface or under the level of the soil. Copious hydraulic tables and minute directions render the book of ready practical use.—The little juvenile periodical, *The Charm*, continues to be well conducted, and to afford pleasant instruction, by its letterpress and clever illustrations.—A useful educational manual is published under the title of *Landmarks of History*, by the author of 'Kings of England,' the first volume being from the earliest times down to the Mahometan conquest.

Numerous publications are being called forth by the death of Wellington, chiefly reprints. The best we have already mentioned, the number in 'The Traveller's Library' containing the articles from 'The Times' newspaper. Similar articles from the 'Daily News' are reprinted, under the title of *The People's Life of the Duke of Wellington*. This contains also the articles from two French journals, 'L'Union' and 'L'Assemblée Nationale,' honourable alike to the writers and to the great Duke. The writer in 'L'Assemblée Nationale' is understood to be M. Guizot. In Bentley's 'Shilling Series,' *The Battle of Waterloo*, by Professor Creasy, appears, being the last chapter, with additions, of his work, 'The Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World.' The new matter is valuable, and Professor Creasy's sketch of the Duke's personal character is better than anything we have seen said on the subject in so few words. "The integrity and purity of his patriotism; his unflinching devotion to what he believed to be his duty; his utter freedom from every taint of selfishness, meanness, or trickery; his simplicity of purpose, and his indomitable energy in execution; the sterling good sense of his head, and the manly honesty of his heart, are genuine English qualities of practical value in every station of life, and in the exercise of which his countrymen, as long as the race endures, will see their best model in him, whom we, by a half sportive but most significant epithet, have learned to call 'the Iron Duke.'"

Of Grimm's *Household Stories*, the silliest yet cleverest of German tales, a neat little volume published by Cundell and Addy, contains a selection. For the amusement of younger people *The Picture Pleasure Book* presents a great variety of cleverly-drawn sketches. The first volume of *Cassell's Popular Educator* contains information of the varied kind which used to be given in the 'Penny Magazine,' but in more systematic form.

The fifth and sixth parts of *Lamartine's History of the Restoration* brings the history of France from Waterloo, with which the last part closed, down to the death of Napoleon at St. Helena in 1821.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Ancell's Treatise on Tuberculosis, 8vo, cloth, £1 1s. Blackburn's *Ninereh*, new edition, 12mo, cloth, 2s. Bouchier's (B.) *Manna in the House*, 2 vols., cloth, 7s. 6d. Burke's (P.) *Romance of the Forum*, 2 vols. p. 8vo, £1 1s. Chambers' *Educational Course*, Eloquence, new ed., 2s. 6d. Geography, 12mo, 3s. 6d. — Classical Section, 2s. 6d. Cooke's *Commentary of Medical and Moral Life*, 8vo, 7s. Doubleday and Westwood's *Genera of Lepidoptera*, £15 15s. Eclipse of Faith, 2nd edition, post 8vo, cloth, 9s. 6d. Fergusson's *Practical Surgery*, new edition, 12mo, 12s. 6d. Feuchtersleben's (Dr.) *Dietetics of the Soul*, 12mo, 5s. Fullom's (S. W.) *Marvels of Science*, post 8vo, 10s. 6d. *Hades and the Resurrection*, 12mo, cloth, 7s. 6d. Hall's *Memoirs on the Nervous System*, &c., 4to, £1 1s. — *Memoirs on the Croonian Lectures*, 4to, cloth, 16s. Happy Family, 2nd edition, 18mo, cloth, 2s. 6d.

Hartshorne's *Easy First Book for Translation of Greek*, 2s. Journal of a Summer Tour, complete in 1 vol., 12mo, 7s. McWalter's *Irish Reformation Movement*, 12mo, 3s. 6d. *Passages in Life of Margaret Maitland*, new edition, 6s. Pocock's *Greece*, Vol. 2, Eney. *Metropolitana*, Vol. 33, 8s. *Pocket Cyclopædia of Practical Knowledge*, post 8vo, 2s. Rance's *Tables of Compound Interest*, royal 8vo, £1 1s. Reid's *Desert Home*, new edition, 12mo, cloth, 7s. Roger's (Rev. G. A.) *Sure Anchor*, 12mo, cloth, 2s. 6d. Shelford's *New Chancery Statutes*, with notes, 12mo, 8s. Waterton's *Wanderings*, 12mo, new edition, cloth, 5s. Webster's *New Patent Law*, 12mo, cloth, 2s. 6d.

DISCOVERY OF A PRESSED SKULL.

Berlin, Sept. 2, 1852.

THE following communication from Professor Retzius of Stockholm, intended for the Ethnological Section of the British Association, having reached Belfast too late, has been sent to us for publication:—

Monsieur Frederic Troyon, proprietor of an estate at Belair, one of the most zealous, industrious, and good archaeologists on the Continent, has found an artificially pressed skull of a man in a tumulus on his own ground; and his friend, Dr. Goni, at Geneva, has also got a similar one from Savoie, in the vicinity of the village of St. Romain. M. T. adds also that many similar skulls were found in this place. This is valuable as a proof that people have lived in Europe, among whom the custom existed of pressing the skull (from the front) nearly in the same manner as the Caribs, and the Huancas, &c., in Peru. Professor Rathke first found similar skulls in Krim, and fixed our attention on the description on the *Skythi Macrocephali*, by Hippocrates, in the first chapter of his book 'De Aere, aqua et locis.' A similar skull was found in Austria (Grafenegg), and is copied in plaster for most of the museums, regarded as an *Avarian skull*. But Dr. Tschudi persuaded many learned men that all similar skulls were brought from Peru to European museums. As I have seen from a paper from Kertch in Krim (Müller's 'Archiv. of Anat. and Phys.'), a great number of similarly pressed skulls are found there, and preserved in the museum at Kertch. It cannot now be doubted that the same custom of pressing the skulls has existed in the ancient world as well as in America. The next question will be, whether these customs have any connexion. I think they have. ————— R.

THE AZTEC CITY IN CENTRAL AMERICA.

(From the *Boston U.S. Weekly Journal*.)

RUMOURS of the existence of an ancient city in Central America, inhabited by descendants of the Aztecs, have been repeatedly mentioned by travellers. Stephens, in his valuable work on Yucatan, we believe, alludes to this subject, and seems to place reliance in the statement. The "Aztec children" who were exhibited in this city, and are now in New York, are reported to have been brought from this mysterious city. They are said to belong to an order dedicated to the sacerdotal service. The stories of the origin of these singular children were disbelieved in this city, but seem to be credited in New York, and a belief in the existence of an Aztec city is gaining ground.

The editor of the 'New Orleans Picayune' has recently been put in possession of some facts which have confirmed his belief in these stories. He says:

"About three weeks since, a gentleman who had recently returned from Tehuantepec, placed in our hands a volume composed of a number of layers of parchment, bound together with brazen clasps, and presenting appearances of great antiquity. It was obtained from an Indian curate—there are many such in that part of Mexico,—and the history of it, as related by himself, is this. He said that he had purchased it from a native trader, who once a year was in the habit of visiting a city among the mountains towards the south, which is inhabited exclusively by Aztecs. The name of this city is Coaxchencingo, which, in the language of the tribe to which the curate belongs, signifies 'the mystery of the mountains.' Within an inner apartment of the grand temple of Coaxchencingo are kept about fifty volumes, similar in appearance to the one re-

ferred to; which, it is said by the priests, were preserved from the extensive collection of records known to have existed in Mexico at the time of the conquest, and which were destroyed by Cortez in the heat of his intemperate zeal against the paganism of the Aztecs. The volumes preserved at Coaxchencingo are regarded as holy things, and are only to be seen on days of great public rejoicing or solemnity. It was on an occasion of this kind that the Indian trader succeeded in abstracting one of

"This volume, which we have now before us, is filled with hieroglyphical characters, almost all of which are of course perfectly unintelligible to us. But one circumstance connected with it is of the highest importance, and tends to confirm the theory that the Aztecs are descendants of a race which migrated to this continent from the eastern shores of Asia, about twenty centuries ago. It is remarkable that on one or two pages of the volume, immediately beneath the hieroglyphics, there are inscriptions in Greek characters, forming words in that language, but written backwards, in the Oriental style. On the first page these Greek inscriptions run thus. (We give English characters for want of Greek) *notnap not sogol*, which, reversed, reads, *O logos ton panton*—literally, 'world of all,' or 'of all things.' It is to be presumed from this that the book is a history of the mysterious people among whom it was found; and could it be thoroughly decyphered, it would, no doubt, completely solve the problem of our aboriginal archaeology. On another page there is a picture of water, and under it is the word *sessalaht*, which is evidently 'thlasses,' Greek for the sea. A representation of a vessel full of men accompanies this, and conveys the impression that it refers to a voyage or emigration from beyond the sea.

"The existence of these Greek words in this volume is a very singular circumstance, and proves conclusively that it must have been the work of some nation from the old continent, which held sufficient communication with Greeks to learn the language. That it is Asiatic is proved by the fact of the reversed writing, which method is used by all the Oriental nations. A coincident fact with this one is the discovery lately made of a Hebrew volume found in the possession of a western tribe of Indians, an account of which has already been given in almost all the newspapers, and will, doubtless, be remembered by our readers.

"To what nation the authors of this Aztec volume belonged is yet a mystery, though the facts would seem to indicate a Jewish origin; for although there are no Hebrew characters in the book, the known fact of the disappearance of the ten tribes, the many similarities between the customs, rites, and ceremonies of the Aztecs and those of the ancient Jews, and other circumstances of the same nature, lend plausibility to the theory of a Hebrew origin.

"The elders and priests among the Jews were well acquainted with Greek; in fact, it was the polite language of that era; and it is not surprising that with a certain affectation of erudition, they should have made use of it in their writings. However, this is a point which we leave to those more learned than we are to decide. We may remark, nevertheless, *en passant*, that the physiognomy of the Aztec children, as described by the northern papers, is essentially Jewish. We understand that it is the intention of the proprietor of the strange volume referred to to submit it to the inspection of Professor Gliddon, whose hieroglyphical attainments may enable him to make some interesting discoveries in this new field of investigation."

TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

OUR remarks last week on the disadvantage to America of the absence of any law of international copyright, receive further confirmation every day by the sale of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' The number of separate editions of Mrs. Stowe's work issued to this date is twenty-one, varying in price from ten shillings to a shilling, and even sixpence. Of the sixpenny edition no less than 250,000 have been

printed. The proprietor has already cleared in the space of two or three weeks, from this and other editions in which he is interested, about 4000*l.*, and fully calculates they will yield him 10,000*l.* He employs 400 men, women and children, constantly occupied in binding the work, and has scoured and cleared the warehouses of all the principal stations to find paper for it. Messrs. Smith, the railway booksellers, have sold upwards of 300 copies a-day of the better editions for some weeks past. The sixpenny edition they do not keep. It is confidently estimated that a profit will be realized to the publishers of these editions of not less than 20,000*l.*, and with the single exception noted in our article of last week, not a penny of this will go to the authoress.

Having noticed Mr. Bosworth's liberality to the author of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' we must make similar honourable mention of the liberality of Messrs. Nisbet and Co. to the author of 'The Wide, Wide World.' The following note has been addressed by Mr. Woodworth, an American author, to the editor of the 'New York Tribune':—

"Messrs. James Nisbet and Co., an extensive publishing house in London, entrusted to my care a beautiful copy of 'The Wide, Wide World,' which they had just brought out, and desired me to present it to the gifted author, with their compliments. They informed me, also, that they had made an equitable arrangement with this lady for the publication of most or all of her books; and they desired me to revise, for the English market, certain of my own juvenile works, for which, in the event of their publishing them, they proposed to allow me an adequate compensation. More than this, they assured me that it was their deliberate determination not to republish a page from an American author without sending him a fair and satisfactory equivalent."

"T. G. WOODWORTH."

We are informed that the French mint is at this time busily employed in the striking of a new copper coinage, which is intended to supersede the very unsightly *sous*. The decimal system will be observed, and the pieces to be issued will be of the value of one, two, five, and ten centimes, corresponding in weight with the same number of *grammes*, or half the weight of the copper coins now in circulation. This is, perhaps, one of the boldest experiments of Louis Napoleon's Presidency, an experiment which has been known to fail most signally in various states of Europe. In England it was tried by James I., who failed to satisfy his subjects by the issue of a mean-looking coin of the nominal value of one farthing, but intrinsically not worth a fourth of that sum. This spurious coinage lasted till the breaking out of the civil wars, when the country was inundated with a currency still more degraded—namely, the half-penny and farthing tokens of dealers and chapmen. This continued in circulation till the reign of Charles II., when a coinage of farthings was issued of copper too near the intrinsic value to offer any temptation to the forger. The new French coinage will, however, offer a premium of 177 per cent. to the Continental forger, and the result may be soon expected. Thousands now living remember the tokens issued by individuals at the close of the last century, and the consequent mischief that ensued. It is said that this issue exceeded that of the authorized coin forty-fold. Being suppressed, and a law passed to stay its circulation, the Government issued a new coinage; but this only supplied material for the spurious pence and halfpence, of which so many examples still remain. The coinage of pieces of greater intrinsic value alone cured this monstrous evil. The French Government hope to render the attempt of the forger abortive by the excellence of the new coinage, both as regards its workmanship and the metal employed.

The new American motive power for ships, on what is called 'the caloric principle,' having been satisfactorily tested for some time in several engines which have worked well, a vessel of two thousand tons has been built, called *The Ericsson*, after the name of the ingenious inventor. It is to go on its trial trip in the month of November. The expansion of common air by heat is the motive-power, and a peculiar mechanism, 'the regenerator,' takes the place of the 'condenser' of the common steam engine, heating the air as it enters the cylinder, and receiving back the caloric in its hot wire meshes as the air retires, with the exception of

about thirty degrees of caloric lost by radiation, out of four hundred and eighty. In theory the advantages of the new principle are immense, and in nothing more than the small quantity of fuel required. The low pressure of the caloric power requires vast area in the cylinders, of which there are four, each of thirteen feet in diameter. The American journals are sanguine as to the success of this invention, and the risk incurred by a few merchants of New York in building so vast a vessel indicates confidence in the result. On shore the engine has worked well; it remains to be seen whether, with the winds and waves around, the calculations as to the caloric power are equally correct. A few weeks will solve the most remarkable problem in locomotive science since the invention of the steam engine. The good ship *Ericsson* will soon leave the Hudson, "having," as the American paper says, "inside of her a caged hurricane, artificially produced, and perfectly under control."

Some excavations, conducted by the Abbé Cochet at Fécamp, in Normandy, has led to very interesting discoveries of the Roman period. A cemetery situated on the Rue Arquaise, the *Vicus Archensis* of the middle ages, has been ransacked of its contents, comprising two hundred and sixty-seven urns in glass and clay, some of the latter bearing the potters' marks, as *MACRINVS—O. SEVERI (officina Severi) VERONISSA—OSBIMAI—BVRDIVI*. The glass was chiefly white, but one vessel was of a fine blue tint. One of the urns was of red clay, with a coating of black paint or varnish, in imitation of the Etruscan pottery, having the representations of scenic masks on the sides. Nearly all the urns contained calcined human bones, and were covered with a patera, a tile or a stone, and many of them had been defended by little coffers of wood like those discovered in the Val aux Vaches, noticed in our last; of these, however, nothing but the debris and the iron nails remained. There was also found the skeleton of a child, interred in a seated posture, with a patera and two little cups. This body had been deposited entire, and not committed to the flames, the Roman law interdicting the rite of cremation to the bodies of infants under the age of seven years. Lastly, there were discovered three coins of the Higher Empire, one of which bore the head of the Empress Faustina, and the other two human heads, and the prow of a galley on the reverse, a type found on the ancient coins of Marseilles when that celebrated city bore the name of Copia. All these objects seem to point to the second and third century as the period when the cemetery of the *Vicus Archensis* was used by the Roman occupants of Gaul.

The preparations for the Dublin Exhibition in 1853 are carrying on with much spirit. At the end of August operations were commenced on the site in Merrion-square; and it is confidently expected that the building will be completed in January. The design adopted by the Committee was that of Mr. Benson. The most striking feature of the elevation consists of a central and two lateral semicircular projections, forming the termination of the chief hall, the middle one being 425 feet in length, 100 feet in height, and covered by a semi-cylindrical roof, upon trellis ribs, 100 feet in one span. On each side of the main hall are two of the same length, 50 feet wide, also with domed roofs 65 feet high. Between the central and side halls are compartments 25 feet wide, divided into sections 25 feet square, with galleries of the same size above. Similar compartments flank the side halls. The whole frontage to Merrion-square will be 300 feet, the construction of the building being clearly marked on the elevation—the semi-spherical domes of the three halls and the intervening galleries forming an outline of pleasing effect. The materials are to be entirely iron, timber, and glass. Ample accommodation appears in the plan for offices, refreshment-rooms, and other premises. The available area of ground-floor will be 147,704 feet, and of wall-space 87,000 feet. Access to the building may be had also from the court-yard of the Royal Dublin Society, whose rooms, including the Museum, will be thrown open to the public during the Exhibition.

Mr. Hind has given to the last new asteroid the name of *Fortuna*. The elements of the orbit of the planet have been calculated by Mr. Vogel, the assistant at Mr. Bishop's observatory, from the observations made there, with others by Professor Challis, taken at Cambridge. The orbit is remarkable for its small inclination to the earth's path. The period of revolution is 1393 days, the mean distance from the sun 2.44093. We suspect that the announcements by M. Arago, at the last meeting of the Academy of Sciences, of the discovery of a new planet by M. Chacornac at Marseilles, and which he proposes therefore to call *Marsilia*, refers to Mr. Hind's new asteroid. M. Arago says that M. Chacornac some time ago noted the new object as a star of the ninth magnitude, and having subsequently missed it, made observations on the 20th and 21st of September, by which it was beyond doubt ascertained to be a planet.

Roman and Neapolitan journals state that Madame Gasparis, of the Observatory at Naples, has discovered another new planet of considerable magnitude, but the precise position of it is not given.

The author of 'A Faggot of French Sticks' appears to have been tempted by an Irish tourist ticket to gather stubble in the Emerald Isle. We shall be curious to see what Sir Francis picked up during his 'Fortnight in Ireland.' Among other books of travels preparing for publication by Mr. Murray are, 'Journal of a Cruise among the Islands of the Western Pacific,' by Captain John Erskine, R.N.; 'Personal Narrative of an Englishman Resident in Abyssinia,' by Mansfield Parkyns, Esq.; 'My Home in Tasmania,' by Mrs. Charles Meredith; 'Solitary Rambles and Adventures of a Hunter in the Prairies,' by John Palliser; and a popular edition of Sir Charles Fellows's 'Travels in Asia Minor and Lycia.'

A German gentleman named Leidersdorff, who has just died, has left 400 thalers a year to the heirs male of Schiller for ever, as "a tribute of admiration to the poet's genius." The Romans, it will be remembered, were accustomed to leave legacies to the writers whose works they admired; and it is very desirable for the literary fraternity that the laudable custom should be revived. Now that M. Leidersdorff has set an example, let us hope that he will find imitators. A legacy to an author or his heirs is not only an individual advantage, but a graceful acknowledgment of the claims of literature.

The death of the old Spanish General Castaños, Duke of Baylen, is an historical event to be noted; the more so as his history is connected with that of the Duke of Wellington by the Peninsular wars. The battle of Baylen, July 19, 1808, and the surrender of Marshal Dupont, with 18,000 men, to Castaños, was the only great success of the Spaniards in their separate efforts against the French invaders. The Duke of Baylen lived to his 97th year. By public mourning, the Spanish government have testified their respect for his memory; by wealth and honour during life they had shown gratitude for his services.

M. Bianco-Luno, director of a printing establishment at Copenhagen, the largest that exists or ever existed in the Scandinavian countries (it employs about 220 workmen) has just died. He was a Pole by birth, but went to Copenhagen after the unfortunate insurrection in 1830. He acquired a large fortune, and has left the whole of it to charitable establishments in Poland and Denmark.

An archaeological society is, we are glad to hear, being formed for the county of Surrey. Considering that the neighbouring county of Sussex has done so much good work in its local archaeological society, we cannot but wish the project success, and recommend the Surrey antiquarians to lose no time in sending their names and first guinea subscription to Mr. G. B. Webb, 1, St. James's Square, Notting Hill.

We have to add the name of Professor J. Nicol, of Queen's College, Cork, to the list of candidates for the vacant chair of Natural History, in Mariischal College, Aberdeen. This gentleman, who was formerly the Librarian of the Geological Society of

London, and the editor of its journal, and is favourably known to the public by his works on the 'Geology of Scotland,' 'A Manual of Mineralogy,' and various memoirs of importance on the geology of his native country (Scotland), is strongly recommended for the office by influential persons who are well acquainted with his merits.

Dr. Thomas Anderson, Professor of Chemistry to the Highland Society, has been appointed by the crown to the chair in the University of Glasgow, vacant by the death of Dr. Thomas Thomson.

A subscription is carrying on for the erection of a Wellington statue at Manchester. At the preliminary meeting, held in the Mayor's room, twenty-five gentlemen put down their names for 100*l.* each. The Earl of Ellesmere has promised a statue of the late Duke of Bridgewater to the town of Manchester when it possesses those of Peel and Wellington. The three statues will now, therefore, soon adorn the town.

A monument is about to be erected to the memory of "the brave and good Colonel Gardiner," who fell at Prestonpans, in the battle with the rebels under the Pretender. The Committee have decided on an obelisk as the form, and the site is to be on the lawn in front of Banktown house, close to the Tranent station of the North British railway.

Mr. Dargan, the great Irish railway contractor, finding his gift of 20,000*l.* insufficient for the building of the Exhibition at Dublin in 1853, has added 6000*l.*, the which to be placed at the disposal of the committee for the purposes of the Exhibition.

The prize of 100*l.*, offered by the southern division of the British organization of the Evangelical Alliance for the best essay on 'Infidelity,' has been adjudicated to the Rev. Thomas Pearson, of Eye-mouth, N.B.

A new botanical paper, principally devoted to Economic Botany, and edited by Mr. Berthold Seemann, is to appear at Hanover on the first of January next, under the title of *Bonplandia*.

The Common Council of London have resolved to erect a monument to the memory of Wellington, as was done to Nelson, in Guildhall.

Professor Cockerell, R.A., the architect, has been elected a member of the Royal Academy of Belgium.

FINE ARTS.

THERE is a very fine picture being now exhibited at Berlin, which will probably soon make its appearance also at Dresden. The subject is the *Death of Leonardo da Vinci*, and the picture is one of undoubtedly great merit. Julius Schrader, the artist, has taken the poetical rather than the historical version of the death of the great master, as the subject of his work. He represents him leaning his head on the arm of his friend and patron, Francis I. Leonardo da Vinci died on the 2nd of May, 1519, at the castle of Clow; and it is placed beyond doubt that King Francis was not there at that time. In Schrader's picture, Leonardo da Vinci is represented reclining in a chair, enveloped in a dress of black velvet, with the lower part of the body covered with a rich cloth of yellow silk; his thin, attenuated, but finely-formed hand resting on the arm of the chair, and his eyes, filled with the deepest and most earnest expression, fix their last looks on his royal master. There are many figures in the picture full of interest; but the most beautiful are those of a youth with dark brown hair, and an old grey-haired veteran, the contrast of whose expression of sorrow is very fine. The young painter leans over a table with fruit on it, watching with intense eagerness every look and gesture of the departing one; tears stream from his eyes, but his grief seems too deep for him to be conscious of it. The old man who stands beside him turns his head away, and buries his face in his hands. The treatment of the subject is in all respects good. The academy at Berlin has invited the king to inspect the picture—the first time such an honour has been paid to an artist. The picture is the property of Mr. Payne, the dealer, of Leipzig, who will shortly remove it for exhibition to Leipzig, and most probably have an engraving

taken from it. Hopes are entertained that the king of Prussia may become the purchaser; but should this not be the case, it will most probably be sent to the different large towns of Germany for exhibition,—a speculation which, I am sure, from the beauty of the picture, will turn out most successful. A picture of the same subject, and similarly treated, is well known in this country, painted by William Fisk, engraved by James Scott. Of the date of Mr. Fisk's picture we are not aware.

Leopold Wiener, the celebrated medallist of Brussels, has just produced a most beautiful work of numismatic art. It is a medal with a portrait of the late Queen of the Belgians on one side, and on the reverse, which is decorated in the 'Renaissance' style, a figure of the protecting spirit of Belgium, leaning on the lion, spreads its arms over the busts of the two younger royal children, whilst two female figures, typifying Liberty and Peace, unite their hands over the portrait of the Crown Prince. The portrait of the Queen is excellent as a likeness, beautifully modelled, and finely engraved. Besides the names of the portraits, the motto "Patria spes altera cresce" is inscribed on the lower part of the medal. The whole work is as beautiful in design as it is finished in execution, and will add considerably to the already well established reputation of the brothers Wiener. A commemoration medal of the Cardinal Archbishop Johann von Geissel is shortly expected to appear from their hands.

A German artist, Herr Schwindt, has taken it into his head to paint a symphony of Beethoven; this sounds strange, but is nevertheless true. The picture, under the title of *Beethoven's Symphony, Opus 80*, is now being exhibited in the rooms of the Art Union at Vienna.

Professor Hübner has been refreshing himself from his winter labours with a tour in the North of Germany and on the Rhine, and will no doubt return to Dresden with a richly-stored portfolio.

THE DRAMA.

THE most notable event of the week has been the opening of the HAYMARKET for its regular winter season, and the production, on Thursday, of Holcroft's admirable comedy of *The Road to Ruin*. A favourite actor new to these boards, Mr. Wigan, and an actress, new altogether to London, Miss Rosa Bennett, made their first appearances, and more absolute success in both instances could not well have been wished for. We have a special liking for these old and sterling plays, and when so well represented as on Thursday, by every member of the company, all alike good in their conception of the respective characters, perfect in the dialogue, and correct to the costume of the period without extravagance or exaggeration, a picture is afforded of lively and genuine interest. Mr. Leigh Murray's *Harry Dornton* was a noble and truthful personification of the gay but generous-hearted spendthrift, and the trying development of the conquest of his better feelings, urging to repentance, was portrayed with a manly and heart-stirring reality. The *Goldfinch* of Mr. Wigan was an exquisite portrait of the fast school of an age gone by, and it is because such are lost to us by the locomotive taking the place of the four-in-hand, and the shrill whistle that of the lively smack of the whip, that we delight in these remembrances of the past. They tell of the works of the old masters, and contrast vividly with the trashy concoctions that we are so often called upon to admire, because they are new. Miss Rosa Bennett performed with remarkable ease and naturalness in the part of *Sophia*, tossing her ball, and receiving her lover's avowals and his valentine in a plum-cake, with charming simplicity and playfulness. Had we space we would speak more of the parts in detail, for they were all filled in a manner worthy of note. We trust this and other plays of similar calibre will be often represented. The delight and interest evinced by the crowded audience of Thursday is a sure guarantee that they will be appreciated.

On Wednesday, advantage was taken at the

PRINCESS's of the first appearance there of Mr. Wright, to introduce a melodrama of that peculiar kind which has been hitherto the exclusive property of the Adelphi. It is entitled *Mont St. Michel*, and is based upon a story of the lord of the Norman sands being confined in a convent in the mount for high treason, while his castle on the neighbouring coast is in flames. The interest of the piece rests, however, upon the heroism of a daughter, who ventures across the sands in search of a will and a warrant, and, entering the castle by a window while the soldiers are asleep, courageously obtains the documents, and returns to the arms of her father amid the touching, triumphant, and ever paternal exclamations, 'My child! my child!' Notwithstanding the admirable taste with which this piece is put upon the stage, and the liveliness and tact with which it was represented, the success was faint and fitful. Mr. Wright, in the part of a cockle-gatherer, had, with a sprinkling of wit, a great deal of nonsense to utter; and in the last act, when getting up a ludicrous representation of hanging, that might have thrown his former audience into ecstasies, was visited with a storm of hisses and cries of 'Off! off!' that must have been anything but pleasant. It is difficult to say how much of this mistake is to be attributed to the author and how much to the actor. If Mr. Wright wishes to take a higher position on the stage than he has held hitherto, he must distinguish himself in some more legitimate action. What sort of audience Mr. Charles Kean hopes to bring together by such an odd compound of materials as have been lately selected for representation at this house, we know not. But we will not be premature in our judgment of this deservedly respected manager. The return of Mr. Harley, in the part of a meddling and love-smitten major, was welcomed with generous enthusiasm; and his rich old-school comedy assisted materially in saving the piece.

A new farce, by Mr. Sterling Coyne, has been also produced during the week at the OLYMPIC, entitled, *Wanted 1000 spirited young Milliners for the Gold Diggings*. A lawyer's clerk and friend (Mr. Hoskins and Mr. Compton) placard the foregoing notice, with directions to apply at the office, and dressing themselves up in the costumes of maiden ladies, receive a bevy of applicants for places in the auriferous region. The fun that ensues may be better imagined than described; but it is rather broad and commonplace. The joke is discovered through the incapacity of the heroes to thread a needle, and they are tied to chairs, and bepricked by the ladies until the return of their master.

A correspondent from Dresden writes word:— We are about to lose one of the first actors in Germany, not alone from the Dresden boards, but most likely in the capacity of actor from the German stage altogether; Edward Devrient, the eldest of the brothers of that name, has received a most flattering invitation from the Prince Regent of Baden to take the direction of the Royal Theatre at Carlsruhe. Edward Devrient is one of those who thinks that the stage can be made one of the most efficient means for imbuing the minds of the people with high and noble ideas—become, in short, a school for their moral and intellectual education, and not serve, as is too often the case, as a mere vehicle to dissipate *ennui*, or pass a few hours in frivolous, if not hurtful amusement. He is himself a man of high moral principle, of great intellectual cultivation, and entirely free from the petty jealousies which too often cast a shadow over the career of great artists. I may also add that he is so thoroughly conscientious, that whatever he undertakes he will strain every nerve to carry into execution. In all his views of the moral responsibilities of the dramatic art the present head of the government of Baden coincides, and I am quite confident, that if only sufficient funds are provided, Edward Devrient will bring together a company at Carlsruhe which will worthily interpret the noble sentiments of the great dramatists of this and other countries. To us in Dresden the loss

will be, I fear, irreparable. Devrient is little, if at all, inferior to his brother Emil (whom you have now learned to know in England) in original talent, and infinitely superior to him or any other actor whom I have seen in Germany in thorough knowledge of his art.

In Paris the famous *Dame aux Camelias* has been revived at the Vaudeville theatre; and the ever-green *Dejazet* has reappeared at the same house in a piece called *Scapin*, in which she plays with her accustomed *verve*.

The performance of the *Tour de Nesle*, by Dumas, and of *Diogène*, by Pyat, has been forbidden by the authorities of Nantes.

A clever vaudeville, in two acts, called *La Parure de Jules Denis*, has been brought out at the Gymnase. It is by a lady, and is capitally supported by Madame Rose Chéri.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Cologne, October 4, 1852.

THE translation of English works is just now being carried to an almost incredible extent in Germany, and every book of some note which appears in London is immediately seized upon, and "done" into German by one or two, if not more, translating firms. Of course these gentlemen ruin one another's speculations by competition; the present freedom of pilfering is productive of evil to almost all parties concerned; and it is difficult to point out any class of persons to whom it is of substantial benefit. There is a literary convention between some German countries and England, but there is no copyright convention; and to judge from the coolness of German officials in the matter, there is not likely to be one. But although our ministers and ambassadors are employed in matters which are evidently of greater importance to them, is—allow me to ask—is literature as unrepresented in England as it is in Germany; or are your men of science and letters blind to the loss of profit and popularity which this system of wholesale piracy entails upon them? Surely you as a practical nation ought to look a little after your own interests! Or do your historians, travellers, politicians, and novelists, share the vulgar error about France, and believe that your rights are secured all over the continent of Europe because you have a copyright convention with France, and one including translations? If that error exists in the minds of some persons, the sooner they get rid of it the better. To enforce my scanty observations on this head I will give you a list of some of the translations of English books which are announced for the approaching Leipzig book fair. There is Mr. Forester's 'Norway,' W. Williams's 'China,' Tremenheere's 'United States and Canada,' Mackinnon's 'Transatlantic Sketches,' Ch. Raike's 'North-western Provinces of India,' Patterson's 'Egypt, Palestine, and Greece,' H. Churton's 'Morning-land,' and Day's 'Five Years in the West Indies.' There is, moreover, another edition (the fifth or sixth, I believe) of Macaulay's 'History,' by which the *Grenzboten* Magazine says that the publishers are sure to lose, since there are so many editions in the market, but that in this instance the publishers' loss will be the public gain. Permit me to quote to you some of the remarks which this valuable journal makes on the occasion. It says: "Macaulay contains more healthy food for our minds, and more comfort and consolation in our gloomy prospects, than a hundred political sketches and novels of our own. At present he is the subject of a merely literary interest; let us hope that it will bear practical fruit, and that this strong and manly sketch of an age which was by no means a splendid one, will convince us of the fact that reasonable ideas must always prevail in the long run—not by means of great men and geniuses, but by means of the nation itself clinging to and persevering in what they have understood to be just and reasonable."

We have some novelties in the matter of poetry—an interesting subject, but one which England can afford to consider with considerable coolness. Karl Beck, who at one time was a young poet of great promise, and who boasts of Hungarian descent, has published a volume of verses, which

he calls 'From my Home' (Aus der Heimath), and which contains ballads descriptive of scenes in the late Hungarian war. Moritz Horn, another poet, gives us the 'Pilgrimage of the Rose.' One of those fragrant flowers has been transformed into a young lady, and the poetic interest is created by the various amours of this flower-lady. A composition for this production has been written by Robert Schuman. The 'Crown-bride,' by Tegnér, the author of the 'Frithjof's Saga,' has been translated by Herr Wachenhusen. This, the last work of the celebrated Swedish poet, is an idyll of great merit.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. S., Emma, A Constant Reader—received.
F. G. S., Wiesbaden—in our next.

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*1000	7 years	—	157 10 0	1157 10 0
500	1 year	—	11 5 0	511 5 0

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No. of Premiums paid.	Age at Entry.	Sum Assured.	Permanent addition to Sum Assured.	Original Premiums.	Reduced Annual Premiums payable until next Division.	Reduction of Premium.
6	52	1000	86 10 0	48 17 6	26 18 9	21 18 9
6	41	2500	160 6 0	70 0 0	39 9 3	30 10 9
6	17	500	26 16 0	9 0 5	5 2 9	3 17 8
5	24	500	23 11 0	10 7 11	6 13 1	3 14 10
5	46	1000	64 4 0	38 15 0	24 13 5	14 1 7
5	35	1000	53 10 0	27 4 2	17 7 0	9 17 2

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